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The Shadow's Song to the Tree.

By ✓  
Wm Cox Ewing

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# The Shadow's Song to the Tree.

I.

Thou art high and light and strong, O Tree,  
That liftest up thy hundred limbs,  
With multitudes of twigs, to drink  
The brightness, warmth and life of day





Thou shielded me from half the rays,  
The blinding rays, of sunlight. Full  
Against that orb thou'rt darkly limned,  
Yet bright thy silvered edges shine,  
Where peeps the sun at me.





*I would*

*That I could bear his face. The hare,  
That startles at my silent step,  
Holds not so faint a heart as I  
To face the author of my being.  
Stout guard thine oaken heart then keep  
While I my well known limits creep.*



*I feel thy sleeping form more grand,  
 Upraised before the gentle moon,  
 When the chill frost doth yield to dews,  
 Bathing with fairy showers thy twigs  
 Now laden with their unborn leaves,  
 While night winds rock thy boughs in sleep.*



While thou art slumbering, many dreams  
Have I, as, lying at thy foot  
I feel an effluence from stars  
That cast no borrowed glances forth  
From depths of space and time to earth



What thing am I that I should have  
These offerings ages bear me? I  
Sprang with thee from thy cradle cup  
A yesterday to these. Shine they  
For shadows to these distant worlds;  
Or know th' immensity they fill?





000.

*The birds sing to the stars and me,  
The few that love the still cool night,  
The soft winds rippling with their strains  
Bend to their harmony thy boughs,  
And I the measure keep.*



*The owl*

*As silent as its shadow flies,  
The tree-frog joins the cricket's chirp;  
Night summons forth the tender souls,  
Responsive as the glow worm's frame,  
To higher scale of light of sound  
And sense than bolder spirits know.*



And deathless beings, elves and fays,  
The rare good people childhood's sense,  
Imagination, doth perceive,  
Meet ever 'neath my master's arms  
In revelry as delicate.

Their deeds I tell not. Close akin  
Are fairies and the shadow folk;  
And I, an oak shade, am too strong  
To drag a gossip's tale along.



IV.

*I sleep in twilight, morn and eve;  
And in those hours the moon deserts  
Her throne, withdrawing rule from night,  
When the full populace of stars  
In fierce democracy shine bright.*





*Sometimes to dreamy wakefulness  
The twilight planet stars arouse.  
Sometimes the intermittent moon  
Gives fitful sleep, uneasy dreams.*

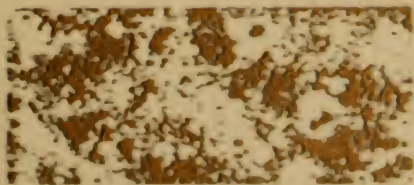


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*Else-while I glide from west to east,  
In counter-motion to the stars,  
And day and night I mark the hours  
By pebble, leaf or tuft of grass  
I cover in my march, that moves  
Unswerving, pauseless, silent, on—  
Time's emblem to Time's goal.*



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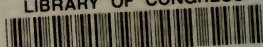








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